A cruell murther committed lately upon the body of *Abraham Gearsy*, who liv'd in the Parish of *Westmill*, in the County of *Harford*; by one *Robert Reeve*, and *Richard Reeve*, both of the same Parish: for which fact *Robert* was prest to death, on Munday the 16. of March, and the Tuesday following *Richard* was hang'd; and after both them were hang'd up in chaines, where now they doe remaine, to the affrightment of all beholders. 1635. To the tune of *Fortune my Foe.*

I Pray give eare unto my tale of woe,
Which I le declare that all may plainly knowe.
Neare Harford lately was a murder done,
O twas a cruell one, as ever was knowne.

The good with evil herein was repaide,
Him that did good the evil hath betraid,
The world is lately growne to such a passe,
That one may feare another in this case.

This money is the cause of manies death,
As twas the cause that one late lost his breath,
The devill and the money workes together,
As by my subiect you may well consider.

With teares of woe I am inforst to write,
That which may cause a tender heart to sigh,
And sighing say, this was a wofull case,
That men should be so much voide of all grace.

Two brethren were there that did doe the same,
The first called Robert Reeve, the others name
Was Richard Reeve, these did a horrid deed,
As in my following verses shall proceede.

Behold these lines, you that have any care,
And from bloodshedding allwayes doe forbeare;
Though murder be committed secretlye,
Yet for revenge to God it loud doth crye.

And that sinne goes not long unpunished,
Therefore let all men of this sinne take heede:
Many are daily for such crimes accused,
And yet alas too commonly tis used.

One of these brothers was in debt I heare,
Unto that man, which was his neighbour neere,
But hee repaid him with a envious mind,
As in the storie you shall plainly find.

Abraham Gearsie was his name, that was kild,
By these two brothers, as the Devill wild:
He on a day demanded mony due,
I pray give eare and marke what doth insue.

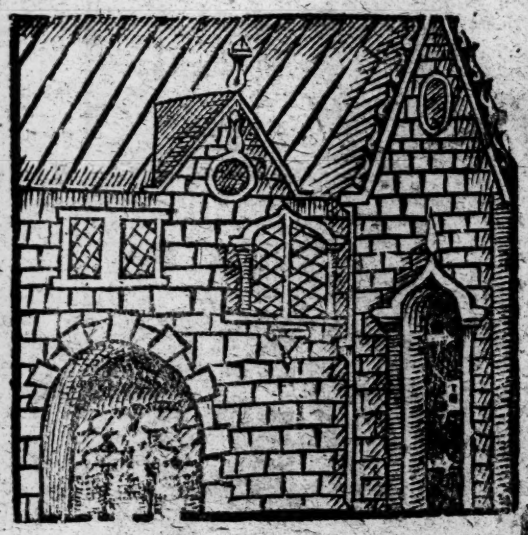
They with'd him to come home for to be paid,
But for his life it seemes they watt had laid:
For one day twas his chance for to come there,
Not dreading that his death had bin so neere.

Now these two brothers kild him instantly,
No neighbour was there that did heare him cry:
And being dead flounq him in a sawpit,
And covered him with such as they could get.

Now having hid this murder in that kind,
Great search was made, but none this man could
His friends lamented for him very sore, (find
And made inquirie all the country ore.

45. b. 28. 5.

The second part, To the same tune.



SIr workes it was ere it was plainly knowne,
And many were examin'd hereupon:
But these two brothers much suspected were,
And at the last the truth it did appeare.

Some murmured and sayd that they did owe
Him money, and desired for to know
Whether they had given him satisfaction,
Who said, they had, and they did owe him none.

About this mony all did come to light.
Now being put for to approve this right
They could in no wise iustifie the same,
When they to true examination came.

Now they were asked for a quittans made,
But they had none, then others present said,
Where is your bond or witnes of the same?
This must be prov'd, or you will suffer blame.

They being taxed on this wise confest,
How they in bloody murder had transgrest:
Then were they sent to Harford gaile with speed,
Where they did answere for this wicked deed.

This lent on sises last their fact was try'd,
Where they were cast, condemnd and for it di'd,
Robert was prest to death because that he
Would not bee tride by God and the country.

Richard was hangd by his owne Fathers bore,
Which did torment and grieve his freends full sore,
Now hee and's brother both do hang in chains,
This is a iust reward for murders gaines.

I would intreat all men for to beware,
Of true this crying sinne and still forbeare,
Good Lord, me thinkes it is a cruell thing,
Of all sins else this may each conscience sting.

This being done, what is hee can forbeare,
With troubled conscience to shed many a teare?
'Tis fearefull sure for to be thought upon,
Although that it be nere so secret done.

Our God is love, and he doth charg us all,
To love each other, but we often fall
From love and unity, to envious evill,
Thus leave we God, and runne unto the Devill.

This may be warning for all other men,
That doe but heare of those vile brethren:
And more consider 'tis a fearefull sight
To see them hang'd, it would our hearts affright;

Yet some there are that will not frighted be
At all, the warnings that they dayly see:
Too many doe esteeme such things as nought,
Or else there would not be such murther wrought.

Thus to conclude, pray lets to God for grace,
And alwaies have his feare before our face:
Fly bloody murther, and such horrid sinnes,
Then God will keep you from such shamefull ends.

FINIS. R. C.

Printed at London for Iohn Wright Iunior, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily,